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# The Arrival of Reuben

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

Price 35 Cents



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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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# The Arrival of Reuben

BY

Willis N. Bugbee

*Author of "Billy's Aunt Jane," "The Deacon's Honeymoon," "Aunt Sophronia at College," "Daddy and the Co-Eds," "Peggy of Primrose Farm," "Coonville 'Ristocrat Club," etc., etc.*

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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.  
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

# The Arrival of Reuben

## CHARACTERS

TOM CURTIS.....	<i>A Base Ball Hero</i>
HAL BURTON } JERRY SHAW }	<i>Tom's Chums</i>
REUBEN DOOLITTLE.....	<i>Tom's Country Cousin</i>
PROFESSOR NOTLEY.....	<i>President of Blossmere College</i>
ALICE HALL MARJORIE HOOPER } POLLY HINTON } DORA ACTON }	<i>Senior Co-Eds at Blossmere</i>
MAGGIE FLYNN.....	<i>A Janitress</i>

PLACE:—Blossmere College

TIME:—A few weeks before commencement.

TIME OF PLAYING. About one hour.

## COSTUMES

PROFESSOR NOTLEY wears dark suit, frock coat, standing collar.  
REUBEN wears coarse ill-fitting suit. HAL is without coat or vest.  
MAGGIE wears work dress and apron and has sleeves rolled to elbows.  
POLLY and DORA wear men's coats and hats and domino masks at first. Others wear ordinary school clothes.

OCT 29 1921

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# The Arrival of Reuben

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SCENE: *Reception or study room at Blossmere College.*

HAL *is discovered at work at desk in shirt sleeves.* MAGGIE *is heard singing outside.*

MAGGIE (*putting head in at door*). Bliss me soul! I niver knew onywan was here at all, at all. An' here yez be peggin' away for dear loife wid your coat an' your collar off jist loike a politician writin' his campaign spache.

HAL. Just how and why do I resemble a politician? Explain yourself.

MAGGIE. Faix, I dunno jist how or why, but yez do. Didn't I work for Paddy Donovan wanst jist afore election whin he was runnin' for aldermon iv the ward, an' mony's the toime I've seen him writin' his spaches an' the sweat runnin' off his brow loike the wather off'n a tin roof.

HAL. Well, I'm not writing a political speech. It's worse than that.

MAGGIE. Begorra it must be some spache, thin.

HAL. It is. It's a valedictory for our commencement exercises. Tom's going to give the salutatory and I'm to give the valedictory.

MAGGIE. Wull, I'm mighty glad it ain't meself. You're welcome to the job. I've got all I can do a scrubbin' the floors an' sich loike.

(*She goes out and is heard singing. HAL continues to write.*)

(*Enter JERRY.*)

JERRY. Hello, old man! Hard at work again?

HAL. Got to—a case of necessity.

JERRY. I should think you'd be so elated over the victory that any thought of work would be impossible.

HAL. Gee! It was *some* victory—a grand and glorious victory.

JERRY. Grand and glorious is right. It was the greatest victory this college has won in four years to my knowledge.

HAL. Four years? It was the greatest victory of all time. Nobody ever dreamed that Blossmere stood a ghost of a chance against the Buxton nine.

JERRY. We wouldn't have done so anyway but for Tom Curtis. It was a lucky move when they put him in the pitcher's box. He's the swiftest pitcher outside the league.

HAL. That's no lie—I agree with you. He's right on the job in whatever he undertakes—studies, sports, dramatics or what not.

JERRY. Because he puts every bit of his energy into action just at the right time. That's what counts.

HAL. Wonder where Tom is. I haven't seen him since the game.

JERRY. Neither have I. Last I saw of him he was surrounded by a bevy of girls acclaiming him as a hero and—

HAL. Were they trying to kiss the hero?

JERRY. Not on your life. Tom wouldn't stand for that.

HAL. Here he comes now.

(*Enter TOM, wearing base ball suit. Others start the song, "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes."*)

TOM. Oh, cut out the rubbish. I'm sick of it.

JERRY. Then accept our congratulations as the hero of the game.

TOM. Fiddlesticks! I had no more to do with winning the game than the rest of you. I simply did my part. I'm disgusted with it.

HAL. Then accept our sympathies—accept something. (*To JERRY*). Did you notice he hasn't had time to change his clothes yet?

TOM. Good reason. I haven't anything to change. I really need your sympathies.

JERRY. Oh come now! What are you trying to put over on us?

HAL. We know you've got two suits.

TOM. You know I *did* have two suits. Fact is, I sent my old suit to the tailors this afternoon to be patched and cleaned, and the other one—I wish you'd tell me where it is.

BOYS. Why—how's that?

TOM. Well, you see when I went to the game I left my best suit in my locker, and when I came back it was gone.

BOYS. Gone?

TOM. Yes gone; and I've been looking for it ever since. But that wasn't the worst of it. Every cent of money I had to finish the term was in a wallet in the pants pocket.

BOYS. Great Scott!

TOM. That's what I say—great Scott and Shakespeare and all the other poets.

HAL. What's going to be done about it?

TOM. Ask some one wiser than I. If I don't find that wallet I'll have to get a job and go to work, I know that.

JERRY. Gee! That would be tough.

HAL. I should say as much.

TOM. I've squeezed every cent I can out of father. I've drained him dry.

JERRY. Well, don't start to look up a job right away. Let's see what we can do toward finding the aforesaid articles.

TOM. If you can do any more'n I've done, go to it.

HAL. But if we all set out in a systematic manner we may accomplish something. We'll enlist the aid of Maggie and Prof. and the girls and——

*(Enter ALICE and MARJORIE.)*

ALICE. Were you talking about us?

HAL. We were talking about organizing a committee—a vigilance committee I s'pose you'd call it.

MARJORIE. A vigilance committee? For what?

HAL. Well, you see it's like this—Tom's just lost his pants——

*(Girls turn and titter.)*

TOM. I lost the whole suit.

JERRY. Listen! Here's the whole story so far. When Tom went to play ball this afternoon he left his best suit of clothes in the locker and when he came to look for them—presto change!

GIRLS. What—stolen?

JERRY. Apparently so, likewise all his money.

MARJORIE. Mercy sakes!

ALICE. Isn't it awful to think of robbers in the school. Whom do you think——

HAL. Don't know. That's what we want to find out.

ALICE. Let's do something now—right away—before the robber has a chance to escape.

TOM. I've looked all over for the clothes and the robber, too. Most likely he's made his getaway by this time.

MARJORIE. I'm going to ask Maggie if she's seen anybody snooping around—any stranger. *(Goes to door and calls, "MAGGIE!")*

ALICE. While you're interviewing Maggie, I'll go and tell Prof.

*(Enter MAGGIE.)*

MAGGIE. Yis mum, here I be. Phwat would yez be wantin'?

MARJORIE. Oh, Maggie, there's been a robber here—just think of it! And he's stolen a suit of clothes and a lot of money. How much, Tom?

TOM. About two hundred dollars.

MAGGIE. Bliss me soul an' body! I'm jist scart to death of robbers.

MARJORIE. Have you seen any stranger around here this afternoon—any suspicious character?

MAGGIE. Faix an' niver a wan have I seen, bad cess to 'im.

TOM. Were you in the building all the afternoon?



MAGGIE. Shure I was in the building all the toime excipt the toime I was out. I wint down shtrate to see me cousin, Bridget O'Phalen, but I wasn't gone long—not more than an hour, anyway.

HAL. He could clean out a bank in that time.

MARJORIE. Well, if you do see any suspicious looking person or anyone you think might be guilty of such a thing be sure to let us know at once.

MAGGIE. Shure an' I will. I'll run as fasht as me two legs will carry me. Och worry, worry! Did yez iver hear the loike. (*Hurries off.*)

TOM. Gee, but I'm tired! I've got to sit down for a while.

JERRY. That's right. Sit down, old chap, and rest.

MARJORIE. Here's Professor coming. Maybe he'll have some suggestions.

HAL. While you're talking it over with Professor, I'll go and see what I can do.

MARJORIE. So will I. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter PROFESSOR NOTLEY.*)

PROF. Well, well, boys! What seems to be the difficulty here?

JERRY. A robbery has been committed, Professor.

PROF. So Alice was telling me, but she was so excited I didn't quite comprehend it all. Won't you please give me the details in full.

JERRY. Go ahead, Tom.

PROF. I hear you were the victim, Mr. Curtis. Proceed with the story.

TOM. I certainly was the victim all right. In the first place I shall have to confess that I was the possessor of only two suits of clothes. One of those was much the worse for wear, so this morning I sent it to the tailors to be repaired and pressed. Just before the game this afternoon I put on this ball suit and placed my best suit in my locker with a purse containing two hundred dollars in the trousers pocket. Then I locked the door, or suppose I did, and put the key in the pocket of these clothes. I have it here now. After the game I went back to get them and imagine my surprise to find the locker open and everything gone slick and clean, money and all.

PROF. Um—ah—that's strange—very strange indeed. In broad day-light too.

TOM. This afternoon during the ball game.

PROF. Um—yes! Have you any idea who might have been the perpetrator?

TOM. Not the slightest.

PROF. I—I really hope it was no one in the school.



JERRY. Gee! I don't know of anybody in the college who would do such a thing. They wouldn't dare to be seen wearing the clothes.

PROF. No, I don't think it could be one of our students—I don't think it possible.

TOM. What would you suggest, Professor? What ought we to do? I've got to get that money back or quit school, that's certain.

PROF. Why my dear young man, we can't think of such a thing as that.

TOM. Yes, but what are you going to do when you haven't a cent to your name and no prospects of any? My father has given me every bit he can afford.

JERRY. Hard lines, I say.

PROF. Really, that's too bad—too bad, but I—really I haven't had time to formulate any plan of procedure yet. I'll have to think it over.

TOM. But while you're thinking it over, Professor, the thief is getting farther and farther away.

PROF. Quite true, quite true. I hadn't thought of that. Perhaps the best thing to do would be to confer with the police department.

JERRY. Why hadn't we thought of that before, Tom?

TOM. I had thought of it but the police in this town are so blamed slow that a thief could get to Timbuktu and back before they'd wake up.

PROF. Oh no, no, not quite so bad as that, my boy. But I'll see what I can do about it. I'll impress upon their minds the urgency of the case. Keep up courage—everything may turn out right yet. (*Exit.*)

TOM. Gee whiz! I'd have to have a ton of courage if it all depended on Prof. He's as bad as the police.

(*Enter ALICE with letter.*)

ALICE. Here's a letter for you, Tom. The mail-man just left it.

TOM. For me? (*Takes letter and proceeds to open it.*)

ALICE. Yes, and it's a scrawly looking affair. Maybe the robber's got conscience stricken and sent the money back by mail. I've heard of such things.

JERRY. But where are the clothes?

TOM. Oh heavens! Have pity. Here's the finishing touch to all my misfortune.

ALICE. What's happened now?

TOM. It's from my cousin Reuben Doolittle of Hardscrabble Center, and he's coming to visit me. (*groans.*)

JERRY. (*singing*). "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking"—

ALICE. Why, is he so terrible, Tom?

TOM. Not terrible, but he's a typical product of the country—of the way-back country—an unsophisticated youth.

ALICE. Glory be! What kind of a youth is that?

TOM. I can't explain it. You can tell better when you see him.

JERRY. I should think there might be worse things than a visit from your cousin.

TOM. But will you kindly tell me how I am to entertain company in my present predicament? I won't be able to feed myself, let alone visitors.

JERRY. Call on your friends—or perhaps your cousin may be able to provide for his own needs.

TOM. Not unless there has been a change in the last year or two.

JERRY. Then write and head him off—tell him we've all got the smallpox.

TOM. Too late. He was intending to start the next day after this letter was written. He's on his way now.

JERRY. Tough luck I'll say, old man.

ALICE. Well, don't let's borrow trouble. Let's meet and cope with affairs as they come to us. The present difficulty, it seems to me, is how to recover that suit of clothes and the two hundred dollars.

JERRY. That's the idea exactly.

MAGGIE (*outside*). Go on wid yez now. I won't shtand for no blarney.

(*Enter POLLY and DORA in make up. MAGGIE follows with mop stick in hand.*)

MAGGIE. Wull, here they be! Here's the robbers.

BOYS. Great Scott!

ALICE. My goodness!

TOM, JERRY and ALICE. What does it all mean?

MAGGIE. It means that I caught 'em red-handed wid the goods. Can yez identify your coat, Mr. Tom?

TOM. I sure can. Neither one of them belongs to me.

MAGGIE. Nayther wan? Wull, thin mebbe they've hid 'em. Shure an' I do be thinkin' they're the culprits phwat did the shwipin'.

(*The girls remove masks and laugh heartily.*)

DORA and POLLY. Ha! ha! ha! Don't you recognize us?

ALL. Polly and Dora!

BOYS. What's the joke?

DORA. You tell them, Polly.

POLLY. There isn't much to tell. We agreed to help the Happy Hour Dramatic Club with a little play they're getting up. We don't have much to say—only appear on the stage once or twice. We're villains or robbers.

MAGGIE. Jist phwat I told yez. I knew they was robbers.

ALICE. Well, go on.

POLLY. To-night is the dress rehearsal and we had just got our costumes on and were going over to show Miss Harlan when Maggie pounced down upon us with the mop stick.

JERRY. Didn't you tell her who you were?

MAGGIE. Niver a word did they say an' I thought shure they were the ones.

POLLY. We wanted to see what might happen so we just kept mum.

DORA. But say! What's been going on here? Maggie kept talking about robbers and a suit of clothes and some money and——

ALICE. It all happened while the ball game was going on and Tom was winning laurels for himself.

POLLY. Gee! but it was great!

JERRY. You bet!

DORA. Well, what happened?

JERRY. Somebody hooked Tom's clothes and his entire bank roll.

GIRLS. Mercy sakes!

DORA. Who do you suppose——

TOM. Don't know. That's what we're trying to find out.

ALICE. Because if we don't find the money Tom says he's got to leave school.

TOM. That's right.

DORA. Then we'll find the robber and the booty.

POLLY. And we won't leave a stone unturned until we do. Come on. (*Pulls DORA.*)

DORA. Where?

POLLY. Anywhere and everywhere.

DORA. I just happened to think—I saw Ikey Hammerstein, the junk man, on the campus this afternoon. You know his brother keeps a second-hand clothing store.

POLLY. Well, that's a clue anyway. Let's follow it up.

DORA. It won't do any harm, I suppose.

JERRY. Wait a minute. I'll go with you.

(*Exeunt girls and JERRY.*)

MAGGIE. I jist think I'll be thryin' to find a clue iv me own. (*Exit.*)

TOM. Well, if this isn't the blamedest scrape I was ever in. Nothing to wear but a base ball suit, not a red cent in my pocket to buy my supper with, and company coming beside. Holy mackerel! I'm a fit subject for a charity ball.

(Enter HAL, excited.)

HAL. Say! Is there a good place to hide around here? I am liable to be run in by the police any minute.

TOM. Why, what's the latest?

HAL. Well, you see I've been down on the street watching for suspicious characters, then when I saw one I would ask him to show me his pocket book to see if it might not be yours, and every one of them took me for a hold-up man. Two of them held up their hands and told me to search them, but the third one broke and ran. Said he was going to report me to the police.

TOM. I don't think you need to worry just yet.

HAL. I hope not.

TOM. Wait here a minute, will you old chap? I've got to telephone to the station.

HAL (anxiously). To the police station?

TOM. No, railway station, to see what time that train from the north gets in.

HAL. Not thinking of leaving so soon?

TOM. No, but I've got a cousin that has taken it into his head to make me a little visit. He'll probably be here today.

HAL. Rather sudden, isn't it?

TOM. Just got his letter a few minutes ago. Rotten luck, don't you think?

HAL. That all depends upon the cousin. Go ahead. I'll hold the fort till you get back. (Exit TOM.) Gee! His cousin coming—just at this time too. (Picks up letter and examines it.) Here's a letter now. Wonder if this is from him. It must be. (Reads.) "From Reuben Doolittle, Hardscrabble Center (Any State.) Gee! I'll bet he's a Rube all righto.

(Enter MARJORIE)

MARJORIE (looking around.) Where's everybody?

HAL. Search me! Tom's gone to telephone. Expects his cousin here to visit him.

MARJORIE. His cousin?

HAL. Yep—Reuben Doolittle from Hardscrabble Center.

MARJORIE. Who is he and—how old is he do you suppose?

HAL. Great guns! I don't know, neither do I know whether he's married or single, fat or lean, or whether he's handsome as a doll

or homely as a hedge fence. Suppose you girls will all be setting your caps for him.

MARJORIE. I think we'll wait until we see him.

(Enter Tom)

TOM. Next train comes in about an hour. Hello! What luck, Marjorie?

MARJORIE. I've just been over to Cyrus Pettingill's.

TOM. Who's he?

MARJORIE. Why you must know—he's Anna Rowe's uncle. Anna told me yesterday he was going to be a private detective. He's taken three lessons already in a correspondence course.

HAL. Some detective.

MARJORIE. And this is to be his first case.

HAL. Let's hope it will be a success.

MARJORIE. I was just about to ask about your cousin, Tom, but I'm not going to now. I'm going to wait and see for myself. But I wish you would tell me where the girls went to.

HAL. And Jerry.

TOM. They've gone over to Ikey Hammerstein's brother's second-hand store.

MARJORIE. I couldn't imagine where they were going to. I saw them all piling into George White's auto a spell ago.

(Enter MAGGIE excited.)

MAGGIE. Begorra, would yez belave it—the girls an' Mr. Shaw are jist now comin' up the walk wid the robber.

ALL. With the robber?

MAGGIE. Yis sor, wid the robber as shure as me name is Maggie O'Flynn.

TOM. How do you know he's the robber, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Be the looks iv him, iv course. He's a bad lookin' mon. I'd be afraid iv me loife to mate him in the dark, so I would.

MARJORIE. I do really hope they've caught him at last.

(Enter ALICE, POLLY and DORA)

GIRLS. We've got him! We've got him!

POLLY. Jerry's bringing him in.

REUBEN (outside.) Gol ding it all! I tell ye I hain't no robber!

(Enter JERRY with REUBEN, the latter with an old-fashioned satchel and a couple of bundles.)

JERRY. I wouldn't wonder if right here was your robber, Tom.

TOM. Ha! ha! (Seizes REUBEN by hand as latter drops baggage.) Well, by George! Is it you, Reuben?

REUBEN. Yep, it's me but I've had an awful time. (Shaking hands.) Jest as I was comin' in through that big gate down thar,

these here critters come a runnin' after me an' begun callin' me a robber, but gosh all hemlock! I ain't never robbed nobody yet.

TOM. Ha! ha! Well, never mind, Reuben. You see we've had quite a bit of excitement here and we're all of us more or less upset. (*To others.*) By the way, this is my cousin, Reuben Doolittle from Hardscrabble Center. And Reuben, these are my classmates and friends.

REUBEN. Gosh! Be them your classmates? I'd never thought it, by heck!

JERRY (*to REUBEN.*) I wish to offer you an apology for my part in this little episode, Mr. Doolittle. Here's my hand. (*Offers hand.*)

ALICE. And we girls humbly beg your perdon. It was rather an unpleasant welcome to our college, wasn't it?

REUBEN. Ruther! I dunno whether I'd better accept the apology or not, but I guess I will seein' you're Tom's friends.

MAGGIE (*aside.*) Begorra, I don't jist loike his looks. I mis-thrust him yet, so I do.

TOM. Well, this is a kind of a surprise. I never expected to see you here.

REUBEN. I dunno's I would be if I hadn't been goin' daown to New York (*any city*) for a leetle trip. Thought I'd stop off a few days to see how you was gettin' along.

TOM. To New York? How could you leave the farmwork at this time of year?

REUBEN. Oh gosh! Dad ain't farmin' now.

TOM. Not farmin'?

REUBEN. Nope, not since he struck ile.

TOM. Struck oil? What are you driving at?

REUBEN. Hadn't you heerd about Dad findin' ile on the farm nigh onto a year ago?

TOM. No, tell us about it.

REUBEN. Well, you remember that old cow pasture daown next to the woods, don't ye? It was so all-fired stony nothin' would grow on it.

TOM. Sure, I remember it.

REUBEN. Well, that's where 'tis. Couple fellers come along last year thumpin' on the ground with some leetle hammers an' they told Dad they thought there was ile thar so he got another feller to come an' drill a hole, an' sure enough there was. Now he's got three wells shootin' out ile at the rate of a hundred dollars an hour an' we're goin' to have more.

TOM. Gee whiz!

POLLY. Sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it?



HAL. Some like Baron Munchausen or Arabian Nights.

TOM. I should say as much. He must be getting rich as a Jew.

REUBEN. Now you've struck it. He's rich as all get out. He's got fifteen men a workin' for him, an' he's got a new plug hat an' a long-tailed coat an' he's struttin' around thar jist s'if he owned the hull durned United States. (*He imitates his father. Others laugh heartily.*) Gee! I most forgot—Dad sent ye a leetle present of fifty dollars an' sez if you want any help to pay your expenses jist let him know.

DORA. More wonders.

MARJORIE. This certainly is one grand fairy tale.

POLLY. Isn't it!

MAGGIE. Faix, an' I'd be afther sindin' for a foive hundred dollar check roight away.

ALICE. Didn't I tell you not to borrow trouble. Things are coming your way.

JERRY. Coming with a bang.

TOM. Tell your father I thank him from the bottom of my heart and I may find it necessary to accept his offer of assistance.

REUBEN. An' say folkses—I jest wanter tell ye I'm out for a lark, by cracky, an' if 'tain't agin the rules we can have a bang-up good time. I wouldn't mind takin' these here gals an' young fellers to a theayter party some night an' havin' a leetle supper afterward. What would ye say to it?

POLLY. Bully!

MARJORIE. Grand!

DORA. Delightful!

ALICE. Splendiferous!

HAL. You're a brick. Give us your hand.

JERRY. All those sentiments are mine, too. Give us your other hand. (*Shaking hands.*)

TOM. You're learning the ways of the world fast, aren't you? I'm afraid you're hitting a high pace.

REUBEN. Don't worry about your cousin Rube. He's got the goods. But say—I was goin' to give ye that fifty dollars. Now where in Sam Hill did I put it. (*Looks in satchel.*)

JERRY. Maybe it's in one of those bundles.

REUBEN. I guess like enough 'tis. (*Unties bundle and takes out clothes.*) Nope, 'tain't in here. This is a suit of clothes I got to go to them theayter parties, by jingo.

DORA. A brand new one?

REUBEN. Well, purty nigh—got it dirt cheap too, I did.

HAL. Gee, it looks some like yours, don't it, Tom?

(REUBEN *holds up coat.*)

TOM. It is mine. See! There's my fraternity button. (*Points to same. Exclamations from girls.*)

ALICE. Isn't that the limit! The very thing we've been looking for.

MAGGIE. Didn't I be afther tellin' yez he was the robber. I could tell by the looks iv him.

REUBEN. Gosh all Friday! I dunno what you folks are all talkin' about—fust one an' then t'other callin' me a robber, an' I'll be tee-totally squelched if I've ever robbed anybody yet.

TOM. Where did you buy the suit, Reuben?

REUBEN. Right daown thar next to the depot. When I come by a feller stood out thar in front an' he sez, "Hey, young feller! Don't ye want to buy a suit of clothes cheap?" An' I sez' "How cheap?" "Your own price," sez he. Then I happened to think I might need another suit gallivantin' round among the gals, so I went in an' I'll be gol durned if I didn't buy it for six dollars.

HAL (*laughing.*) Ha! ha! Sold your clothes for six dollars, Tom.

JERRY. That's some joke.

POLLY. What kind of a looking man was he, Reuben?

REUBEN. Gosh, I dunno. I couldn't see much of him on account of the brush heap on his face.

DORA. It was Ikey himself.

ALICE. We were just over there, too.

POLLY. No wonder we didn't find it. He had already sold it to your cousin.

HAL. Have you looked to see if the money's there?

TOM (*looking in pocket.*) By George! Here it is! He forgot to look in the pockets.

REUBEN (*handing clothes.*) Here! You take 'em. They're yours. I don't want to wear no stolen property. I ain't that kind of a feller. No-sir-ee.

TOM. But the six dollars?

REUBEN. Jest forget all about it. Six dollars ain't nothin' to me. Dad's got oceans of money.

(*Enter PROFESSOR*)

PROF. Well, young people, I have telephoned the police station and they have detailed a man on the case. He expects to get started very soon.

TOM. They are too late, Professor. The lost is found.

PROF. You have already found the clothing?

TOM. Both the clothes and the money.

PROF. And may I ask where you found them?

TOM. Certainly. My cousin just bought them for six dollars.

PROF. Your cousin?

TOM. Yes, allow me to present to you Mr. Reuben Doolittle of Hardscrabble Center, who comes for a little visit.

REUBEN. Glad to see ye, Professor. Shake. (*They shake hands.*)

TOM. As I was about to say he bought them of Ikey Hammerstein, the junkman.

PROF. Ah yes—Mr. Hammerstein, you say? We will have the matter investigated at once.

MAGGIE. Begorra, I always did think that junkman was a crook.

ALICE. We certainly have had considerable excitement.

REUBEN. Gosh! I jest know I'm goin' to have a bully time while I'm here.

DORA. And we're glad you came. Aren't we, folks?

OTHERS. We sure are.

MARJORIE. Because we came near losing Tom.

HAL. And it was Reuben who came to the rescue.

(*Any college song may be used as desired.*)

CURTAIN





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